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T H E

Block and Yard Arm.

A NEW BALLAD,

On the loss of *Minorca*, and the Danger of our *American*, Rights and Possessions

To the Tune of Whose e'er been at Baldock, &c.

I.

DRAW nigh my good Folks whilst to you I Sing,
Great *Blakney* betray'd by N—— and B——,
Before such a Story ne'er has been told
We're bought all, my Friends, by shining *French* Gold.
Chorus To the Block with N—— and Yard Arm with B——
Terra, rara ra ra ra, ra, ra, ring,

II.

N—— a Fool, yet Ignorance cant plead,
Since so oft he was told how things wou'd succeed,
He was told, the *French* wou'd never parade
On fair *Britain's* Shores, but *Minorca* invade.
To the Block with N—— and Yard Arm with B——
Terra, ra, ra, ra, &c.

III.

Why did he not then, you quickly will say,
Send a stout *Fleet* to *Minorca* away,
Send Transports with Stores, and Soldiers most Brave,
And not leave old *Blakney* to stamp and to rave.
To the Block with N—— and Yard Arm with B——
Terra, ra, ra, ra, &c.

IV.

I'll tell you the Truth, neer need you to doubt
B——'s a vile Coward, N—— a Lout.
N—— like *Catiline*, lives on the Spend,
Is greedy of Pelf, his Fortunes to mend.
To the Block with N—— and Yard Arm with B——
Terra, ra, ra, ra, &c.

V.

Thanks to his P——r——ge, he rots not in jail,
While Free Air he breathes, his Tradesmen all Fail,
Then stare not good Folks, at this wicked Thing,
That a spenthrift and Knave shou'd sell country and King.
To the Block with N—— and Yard Arm with B——
Terra, ra, ra, ra, &c.

VI.

Nor can his vile Treason to you be strange News
Since so lately he sold his God to the Jews;
For if with his God, he thus wou'd make bold,
For Country and King, sure he'd ne'er refuse Gold.
To the Block with N—— and Yard Arm with B——
Terra ra, ra, ra, &c.

VII.

For the *Monarch* of *France* does certainly know,
That *Britons* all scorn to turn Back on the *Foe*,
If Leaders you give them that know what is Right,
And like the brave Men dare valiantly Fight.
To the Block with N—— and Yard Arm with B——
Terra, ra, ra, ra, &c.

VIII.

He knew those who Corrupt, Corrupted wou'd be,
So N—— he sent a round bribe to the,
Minorca he bought, and *America* too,
So cunning is *Lewis*, so venal are you.
To the Block with N—— and Yard Arm with B——
Terra, ra, ra, ra, &c.

IX.

To pay thy Duns off and replenish thy Chest,
To wallow in Lux'ry, and feather thy Nest,
If thy Country is ruin'd thou thinkst it no matter,

So B—— to *Minorca* and flighted the latter.
To the Block with N—— and Yard Arm with B——
Terra, ra, ra, ra, &c.

X.

And you my brave *Tarrs*, who sail on the main,
Bring Wealth to the Merchant; our Honour sustain,
Must starve in our Ports, depriv'd of your Glory;
Indeed my good Friends 'tis a very sad Story.
To the Block with N—— and yard Arm with B——
Terra, ra, ra, ra, &c.

XI.

Ye Merchants who now in your Coaches do ride
Must lower your Grandure and bring down your Pride:
Ye Shop-keepers too, who in plenty do live,
Soon must ye now with sad Poverty Strive.
To the Block with N—— and yard Arm with B——
Terra, ra, ra, ra, &c.

XII.

Ye Farmers laborious who live by the Plough,
Where to pay Rents, will you get money now?
Ye Hinds and Mechanicks of each branch of Trade,
Throw all your Tools down, and lay by the Spade.
To the Block with N—— and yard Arm with B——
Terra, ra ra ra &c

XIII.

Ye Lords and ye Gentry, who make a great Show,
Your Tenants can't pay, so down you must go,
The Peer, the Beggar, and honest Jack Tar
By B—— and N—— a brought on a Par.
To the Block with N—— and yard Arm with B——
Terra ra ra ra &c

XIV.

Minorca is lost; and *America* too
Soon my good Folks, will be taken from you:
And when to the *French* you've lost all your Trade,
Soon to *French* slaves Vile Slaves you'll be made.
To the Block with N—— and yard Arm with B——
Terra ra ra ra &c

XV.

If you Scorn to be Slaves, and feign wou'd be free,
Mind what I Say be advised by me,
To Throne and to Senate, from all Parts away,
With humble Petitions, ne'er make a delay.
To the Block with N—— and Yard Arm with B——
Terra ra ra ra &c

XVI.

And your Grievs lay before George our great King,
To Lords and to Commons the same likewise bring,
Pray the first he would please N—— to Out
The Last, the Coward to hang, and Chop off the Lout.
To the Block with N—— and Yard Arm with B——
Terra ra ra ra &c

XVII.

The Blood of this Knave and this Coward alone
For our Loss and our Shame can only atone,
These Victims to Justice, we once more may be
A Nation Renowned, Happy and Free.
To the Block with N—— and Yard Arm with B——
And their Knells let their Bells ring, let the Bells ring.

F I N I S.